

## *The second part of*

I had foretold this deere and deep rebuke,  
Ere you with griefe had spoke, and I had heard  
The course of it so far: there is your crowne:  
And he that weares the crowne immortally,  
Long gard it yours: if I affect it more,  
Then as your honour, and as your renowne,  
Let me no more from this obedience rise,  
VWhich my most inward true and duteous spirit,  
Teacheth this prostrate and exterior bending,  
God witnesse with me. When I here came in,  
And found no course of breath within your maiesty,  
How cold it strooke my heart: if I do faine,  
O let me in my present wildnesse die,  
And neuer liue to shew th'incredulous world,  
The noble change that I haue purposed.  
Comming to looke on you, thinking you dead,  
And dead almost, my liege, to thinke you were,  
I spake vnto this crowne as hauing fence,  
And thus vpbraided it: the care on thee depending,  
Hath fed vpon the body of my father,  
Therefore thou best of gold, art worse then gold,  
Other lesse fine, in karat more precious,  
Preseruing life in medicine potable:  
But thou, most fine, most honourd, most renown'd,  
Hast eate thy bearer vp: thus my most royall liege,  
Accusing it, I put it on my head,  
To trie with it as with an enemy,  
That had before my face murdered my father,  
The quarrell of a true inheritour,  
But if it did infect my bloud with ioy,  
Or swell my thoughts to any straine of pride,  
If any rebel or vaine spirit of mine,  
Did with the least affection of a welcome,  
Giue entertainment to the might of it,  
Let God for euer keep it from my head.

And

## *Henry the fourth.*

And make me as the poorest vassalle is,  
That doth with awe and terror kneele to it.  
*King* God put in thy mind to take it hence,  
That thou mightst win the more thy fathers loue,  
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it:  
Come hither Harry, sit thou by my bed,  
And heare (I thinke) the very latest counsaile  
That euer I shal breathe. God knowes (my sonne)  
By what by-paths, and indirect crookt waies,  
I met this crowne, and I my selfe know well,  
How troublesome it sate vpon my head:  
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,  
Better opinion, better confirmation,  
For al the soyle of the atchieuement goes,  
With me into the earth, it seemd in me,  
But as an honor snatcht with boistrous hand,  
And I had many liuing to vpbraide  
My gaine of it, by their assistances,  
Which daily grew to quarrell and to bloudshed,  
Wounding supposed peace: all these bold feares  
Thou seest with perill I haue answerd:  
For all my raigne hath bene but as a Scene,  
A stinging argument: and now my death  
Changes the mood, for what in me was purchast,  
Fals vpon thee in a more fairer sort.  
So thou the garland wearest successiuelly,  
Yet though thou standst more sure then I could do,  
Thou art not firme enough, since griefes are greene,  
And all thy friends which thou must make thy friends,  
Haue but their stings and teeth newly tane out:  
By whose fell working I was first aduanc't,  
And by whose power I well might lodge a feare  
To be againe displac'd: which to auoyde,  
I cut them off, and had a purpose, now  
To leade out manie to the Holy Land,  
Lest rest, and lying stil, might make them looke,

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